

**Also Participate in Rites of the Bath  
and Remove Screens in the Morn-  
ing—Simple-Minded Folk.**

Correspondence of the Indianapolis Journal.  
TOKYO, Sept. 27.—On alighting from the train at Maebashi the first thing wanted was a hotel. The run may be made by rail from Tokyo to Maebashi in about a long hard ride into the outlying hills, where the hot springs flow, and start must be in early morning to accomplish it comfortably by daylight. Maebashi may not be specially typical of "old Japan," but on the afternoon that our party deposited ourselves at the Maebashi Hotel, we found the station with train hands and other natives who introduced themselves "just to improve my English conversation." It enjoyed the distinction of having no one in evidence acquainted with any tongue except that of the country. The party's luggage was piled up in the waiting room, but among them were "Ichiban Nihon yadoya," which pass for "first-class Japanese inn," and the Jurickishka men who had been clamoring for our fares, piled up into their spindling vehicles, and speedily took us to the hotel. It was not long to go anywhere in Japan is to pass no corner. A Jurickishka man may be safely put down as lost when he takes any other route. So when the pullers swung off the first turn, took the second at a canter and plunged boldly around the third, we were in the hotel. The hotel was a good place, and we were able to enjoy without distraction glimpses of village life, which the ride afforded, men sorting cocones in the open-front shops, girls in a playground racing at tag, with bobbing balls slung to their backs, and in the street a woman scrubbing a tub of water, soaping simultaneously herself and the bronzed face of one of her offspring who occupied the bath with her.

**HELPING THE FOREIGNER.**

It seems a settled notion at a Japanese inn that a foreigner is a helpless creature who would not know what to do unless led up to it. So when bows and gruting had completed the removal of our shoes at the entrance, each of us placed a hand trustingly in that which a waiting maid extended to us, and followed that gentle guidance through narrow passages, where the floor looked and felt like satin, and flanked by screen doors, which were pushed open according to our several needs revealing big, square rooms, laid thick with rectangular mats, a doll table over in one corner on a low platform, patterns of cranes and flowers on the sliding walls that opened from the view of our immediate neighbors, and ceilings set off in the plainest designs that strips of cedar-colored wood can make.

work can make. After creating us 'our maids glided away to return in a moment bearing each a blue and white offering from the laundry which unfolded to the gaze a kimono, flowing of sleeve and scant of skirt, and adorned with a design of brooks over whose rippling surfaces the lightning played. This was a sign that we were to feel at home, and the maids without further ado proceeded to denigrate the furniture, to replace the cushions and the low table in the easier substitute, a process that went well enough with the women of the party but which might have disturbed the poison of the masculine element, had not the maids gone about it as naturally as if it were the merest routine with them. Then the dividing doors were pushed back, throwing into the three rooms of the party, not only the usual arrangement of a low table, topped with charcoal, after which they placed quaint kettles of water, while others arrived with trays bearing tiny teapots, wee handleless cups and lozenge-shaped metal cupholders, caddies a finger high and covered lacquer bowls containing dainty morsels of sponge cake, sweetsmeats of bean paste and rice and squares of candied jelly. From behind sliding doors in the corner of each room came the cushions and the chairs. The maids pushed leaves from the caddies into the pots and, filling them with the water that had been heating over the braziers, they straightway poured off into the cups a liquid of palest green, tinged with amber, delicate of aroma, and so fresh to the palate as to compel instant surrender to Japanese taste. The hostess, smiling and nodding pretty bows, until we all cried quits, by which time the lower corner platforms had been set off each with some ornament, here a vase, holding a graceful branch of fern; maple leaves, there a tree mature in look but to be covered by a handkerchief, and on the third a bronze idol in miniature. Each of us found at an elbow, after the first series of bows, a small lacquered tray with two or three charcoal embers glowing in soft gray ashes, wherewith to bacco might be lighted, and a cylinder of bamboo alongside for waste and stubs.

**PAID INTO THE FAMILY.**

The first hour in a native inn has as little as possible to do with the entertainment charged in the bill. In doing so, Kimono the guest becomes part of the household and since no two inns adopt the same design for that garment, the wearers need not be mistaken for guests or lodgers. The food, the tea and sweets are served as the compliment of a host who thus signifies the honor that he feels in this new association. At parting, the guest may reciprocate the courtesy by adding to the amount of the bill the tender known as *ochadai*, but for the moment the attention is concentrated on no agreed-upon thought. On return, the innkeeper, host in fact, deduces himself and family, direct and collateral, and every adjunct of his house, to the comfort of the newcomers.

It is amazing how far a limited vocabulary will go under such conditions. One may take what the gods provide in these preliminaries without departing far from the custom of the country, if only smiling and pleased intonations are freely used for the native "yes" is no more than a cheerful grunt, to be approached in spelling but not quite reached, by the English "heh," and the language of laughter is

universal in the use of which no people are more adept or expressive than the Japanese. What we knew on arrival at Maebashi had been derived mainly from parallel columns of common equivalents attached to a steamship guide-book, and when it flowed on, a bit of drift, or rather, a callous familiarity with the steamship guide-book were detained until we fancied ourselves rapidly building up a medium of exchange quite ample for the occasion. The maids addressed our women folk as "Okami san." We knew that "san" stood for Mr., Mrs., or Miss, and surmised that "kami" must be distinctive for madam. The book gave us "nesan" for girl. Divination of the proper term for the girl in deference, we tried "O-nesan" on one of the maids. She flushed a trifle, bent her head twice to the floor, and the satisfaction depicted on her face proved at once that we were being polite in Japanese. "Ichiban" stood by us for all superlatives. We worked it so hard, that when in a burst of momentary ardor, we applied it to the innkeeper, he regarded us as babbling to ourselves, and we knew then that to address those whom thereafter we might wish to class as our best friends. There was one maid whose enjoyment of our company found vent in a dazzling show of teeth, framed in a most radiant countenance, as her explosions broke upon us like nothing so good as a smile. Whether she smugly recognized full and unblemished front teeth, we called her Sunshine. That term meant nothing to her, and, determining that it should, we introduced ourselves to an appreciation of the sign language, in which we became so vivid that at last the entire company exclaimed "Ototo sama," and our verbal capital gained thereby new

**THE STRUGGLE FOR DINNER.**  
It is one thing to stir the souffle of light ceremony in dealing with the Japanese, and

**KING ALFONSO**

be distributed it among the visitors, who had been waiting for it with expectant chopsticks, and whose appetites, at first doubtful of a trial, had yielded to the savory incense which rose from the dish, and were bowing before it with anticipation of the enjoyment. The first of the vegetable had been cooked in water, in which they were served in cup portions, and consisted of native radish, boiled celery and beans in the pod. Slender vessels of blue and white, like vases, were produced, each accompanied with a shallow, red-lacquered cup. From the vessels was poured warm sake, the native rice wine, which suggests a sherry of light body. For the second course, a small tub of steaming supply of snowy rice, boiled as only cooks of the Orient know how. We had not thought ourselves specially awkward with the chopsticks, having contrived to connect, by devious means, the food and its destination, and the rice was most tempting, but when the maiden poured tea, I felt already consumed. I was, for dessert, the problem became so dismaying that we resorted to signs to indicate that our capacity had its limits which the lavish meal already consumed had overtaken.

**BATHED AND RUBBED DOWN.**  
After an hour or so the maids trooped in to say that it was time for the bath. To whatever extent natives may assist each other in this proceeding, which in Japan ranks everything else, they seem to consider foreigners utterly helpless. So nothing was to be done except to submit to their ministrations. I was not at all squeamish, and, while I did not consider it very hygienic, the performance as an essential item. We were taken to the public bathrooms, where dipperfuls of warm water from large vats in the corners were poured over us while we vigorously sponged ourselves with cakes of soap. After reaching a satisfactory stage of cleanliness, we were dried with towels wrung from nearly boiling water,

GO OF SPAIN.

to would bring us nothing that could fall to please, and that we could trust ourselves wholly to his educated judgment. Our convictions clearly coincided with his own on this point, and he departed for the kitchen beaming with self-satisfaction. In the presence one of the spectators seated himself on the edge of the table, and leaning around, nearly filling the spacious room. He gravely informed us in English that this was a "kind hotel," and appealing in the vernacular to the others, to bear him out in that statement, which all did with fervent ejaculations, he took his leave, his stock of English seemingly exhausted. The official crowd also melted away then, as though it had thereby relieved itself of a public duty and might now return with easy minds to its individual concerns. Breakfast of boiled egg, fried fish, fruit salted and pickled, a box of sponge cake and unstinted tea and rice, all daintily served as the night before, equipped us for a start into the mountains. Asked for his bill, the innkeeper brought out a document in labored ideograph, which appeared to detail every item of the service rendered, and to include a sum of money cabalistic addition, figured up a total of something less than 4 yen for the entire entertainment of five persons, or about \$2 American gold. We passed over 6 yen, to show that we were not uninformed on chadal etiquette, and met his protests with such insistence as to induce a ceremony of a formal bowing which would have been long and weary had it not been for the delight of feeling quip in touch with the social code outweighed all physical considerations.

It had been arranged to go to the hills on mountain ponies, and animals were brought up to the inn for four of us. The younger woman of the party, having developed unexpectedly a Job-like affliction which forbade a saddle, elected to ride in the back of a basket, swinging from a pole which coolies carried on their shoulders. The basket set betos (grooms) to trot along with the ponies. One of them, not to be thought unsympathetic by the sufferer, and realizing that his duties might keep him away from her when his charge should move ahead, approached the kago as its occupant and, in a low, friendly voice, asked how she felt. He knew no language intelligible to her except of signs, but screwing his face into an expression of pained inquiry, he stroked so tenderly on his own person the seat of the trouble that even the ponies must have caught his meaning. The sufferer clearly had no difficulty in understanding him. If anybody in Maebashi failed to do so, from the fact that the animal became informed was yet more distinctly furnished by the earnest admonitions of the wife of the innkeeper, that the coolies be especially gentle with the kago, for reasons affecting its occupant which she fully detailed both by speech and sign; the townspeople in general, who had been denied the pleasure of riding, and the exception in the private rooms, standing by and drinking in every syllable and motion.

As we took our mounts the entire household lined up to speed our journey, and the innkeeper pressed upon us fans, towels, and packages of ame, a toothsome paste of honey, for a souvenir for each, and we moved off with the accompaniment of a long cry of *yo-yo-yo-naras*.

FRED RICK W. EDY

**FOR GERMANIC MUSEUM**

TREASURE BROUGHT BACK BY  
PROF. FRANCKE, OF HARVARD.

**Notable Gift from Leading Citizens of  
Berlin—Many Objects of Beauty  
and Interest.**

CAMBRIDGE, Mass., Oct. 16.—Prof. Konrad Francke, of Harvard University, has returned from a year spent in Germany in behalf of the new Germanic museum which is being built up in Cambridge and which will benefit so largely by the munificent gift of the Emperor William, conveyed to President Eliot last spring at the hands of the German government. Prof. Francke reports that the casts comprising the Kaiser's gift will probably arrive in this country next February and will be immediately set up, with funds contributed by the Germanic Museum Association, in the new hall provided by the university. At about the same time, too, will come a notable collection of reproductions of the art of German workmen of the fifteenth century, which have been purchased by the university from the members of Berlin—business men, members of the university, sculptors, men of letters—the value of the gift amounting in all to something like 50,000 marks.

In many ways this special gift, which was expressly designed to supplement the Emperor's, and received his cordial approval, possesses special interest to Americans for its supervisory character in the development of a craft in which we are already beginning to excel. The first suggestion that such a gift should be made came from Dr. Richard Schoene, director-general of the Prussian museums, and Dr. Julius Lessing, director of the Arts and Crafts Museum, as it may be called, in Berlin. At the end of last March a meeting was held at the Emperor's residence among others, Dr. Schoene and Dr. Lessing, Prof. Kekule, rector of the University of Berlin; Prof. Harnack, Paulsen and Erich Schmidt of the same university; Dr. Althoff, the Prussian minister of universities; and Herr Gwinner, director of the Deutsche Bank, and probably the best-known banker in Germany. Dr. A. G. Brown, a resident in Berlin, was present. Ad-

sympathetic and enthusiastic speech by Dr. Althoff, and Dr. Lessing displayed a number of pieces of gold and silverware, comprising the gems of the museum's collection—by all odds the finest in Germany—as examples of what it was desired to reproduce for the new Germanic Museum. Across the street, a notice was posted in a private circular was sent out to a number of selected names in Berlin calling for a subscription of 30,000 marks. This subscription is still in progress, but in the meantime the money required for the purchase of the special pieces selected by Dr. Lessing has been contributed by a single donor and galvanoplasty reproductions have been ordered from the Arts and Crafts Museum.

**FINE REPRODUCTIONS**

These copies—about fifty in all—can hardly be told from the originals, whether in gold or in silver, and comprise the most representative collection of the kind, in all probability, ever seen in this country. The magnificence of some of the pieces is surprising to anyone unacquainted with this division of German art. The range of time is from the beginning of the fifteenth century to the end of the eighteenth—the period of the greatest artistic achievement in silverwork at its best, and when the succession of the various styles is also most interesting to the student. The nucleus of the collection is the superb table service, in gold and silver, including some-

used on state occasions by the city of Lueneburg. It dates back to the end of the fifteenth and the beginning of the sixteenth centuries.

Not only in Berlin but everywhere he went Professor Francke was received with the greatest cordiality by all students of Germanic art. In Nuremberg he attended the semi-centennial celebration of the founding of the great Germanic Museum after which the Harvard collections are to be largely modeled. In Switzerland the director of the National Museum, Dr. H. Angst, was most helpful, and in accordance with his recommendations the Swiss Government has already been announcing the preparation of a new collection of casts, from originals in the museum or from important national monuments, which will satisfactorily illustrate the sculptural art of the German cantons of Switzerland. A portion of this collection will be made up of casts, during some time during the coming year. Back again in Germany, Dr. Schoene and Dr. Wilhelm Bode especially—the latter the director of the Royal Museum, and himself a vice president of the American Germanic Museum Association—gave invaluable assistance, particularly in showing and comparing the objects to be included in the Emperor's gift.

In addition Dr. Francke was able to purchase, from funds forwarded from the United States, a number of interesting objects which are already being received in Cambridge—consisting principally of casts of monumental pieces of sculpture directly supplementing the collection tendered by Prince Henry. For example, it may be remembered that one of the largest pieces selected by the Emperor was the magnificent bronze portal of the Cathedral of Hildesheim, dating from the eleventh century. From the same cathedral Professor Francke has secured full-sized casts of the

## LONDON'S "NI

age to the time of Charlemagne may at any time be obtained.

The necessity which the new Cambridge museum is under of having to depend mainly upon reproductions for the bulk of its collections will before long, in all probability, have at least one interesting consequence. Professor Andrews, the geologist, the latter part of the summer, in North Frisland, on the island of Poehr, in the North sea. The island contains extensive urn fields and mounds—the former being comparable to our modern cemeteries and the latter to the tombs of people of more consequence. Here he made arrangements for the Cambridge Museum to undertake a series of excavations from which it is expected to recover many specimens of the familiar objects that were laid on the funeral pyres with the bodies of the dead—household utensils, swords and other weapons and implements—in the urns. They are known to abound, thus starting at once a department of originals at the Harvard museum.

**PIONEER BREAD.**

"Whenever I see a good loaf of homemade bread," remarked a stalwart Scotch-Irish Hoosier, who has turned his eightieth year, "or the almost innumerable kinds of good bread furnished by the modern bakers, my mind goes back seventy-five years, to the time when I was seven years old, and rode the horses which tramped out the wheat which nourished my people for many of those eighty and odd days. In recalling the hard labor which bread cost the pioneer family at that time, it seems almost incredible that we had bread at all.

"After the ripe wheat had been harvested and gathered into the barn, it had to be threshed out by driving horse and oxen. The threshing would occupy our household sometimes two weeks, often

**NEW MESSIAH."**

## A black and white portrait of a man, likely a historical figure, wearing a dark suit and a light-colored shirt with a high collar. The image is framed by a thick black border.

Mr. Piggott's claim to be the "new Messiah" has given him a taste of strenuous life in London, and he contemplates emigration to the United States in the hope that his pretensions will receive more consideration here than in England, where mobs have threatened his physical comfort.

thous like twenty-fivepices, which was famous Bernard column and the baptismal font, together with the choir screen of St. Michael's in the same city—a collection which, taken all in all, will represent the Hildesheim art of that period in exceptionally satisfactory fashion. Besides the casts, moreover, Professor Francke has secured large photographs of both cast and original. Some of the church mentioned, showing the exact relations of each piece of sculpture to the whole. The idea of using photographs as supplementary to the casts themselves—hanging them on the walls where the visitor may conveniently study out the position and decorative value of the detached figures which he has just been looking at—was suggested to me by the director of the Hildesheim exposition recently held at Dusseldorf, and is to be carried out completely in the new Harvard museum in the case of all objects

a whole month. The wheat would be strewn on the heavy big barn floor—made of puncheons, of course—and then two, four or six horses—all we had—would be ridden around over it in a circle, to tramp out the wheat. After a quantity was tramped out, the straw would be kicked off the wheat—this was called "caving"—and then fresh wheat was strewn on to be tramped in its place. Sometimes a single horse would lead the other horses; sometimes several boys would ride. When a sufficient quantity was tramped out, it was swept up and put in the rude, clunzy fanning machine of those days. My sister Mary used to turn the fan, and it was hard work, for the cogs were large and heavy. This process blew the chaff and dust off and let the clean wheat fall out through the side shaft. We generally tramped out about twelve-five, thirty shocks a day—or ten or twelve bushels,

taken from architectural surroundings.

**HISTORIC SCULPTURES.**

Other purchases are the statues of Emperor Henry II and his wife Kunigunde from Bamberg, the seated figures of the Wise and the Foolish Virgin from the cathedral at Strasburg, which is also represented in the Emperor's gift; and a number of examples of the bronze sculpture of Peter Vischer—whose St. Sebaldus tomb at Nuremberg was selected by the Kaiser—including the seated figure of the Emperor, the seated figure of a king, two recumbent figures, and two exhibited from the tomb of the Emperor Maximilian at Innsbruck, including the familiar and noble King Arthur, undoubtedly the sculptor's masterpiece. As representative of North German art, Prof. F. W. Schlegel, the second of the series, gave a series of reliefs from the great altar of the Schleswig Cathedral by Brueggemann—the Ecce Homo, the Establishment of the Passover, and the Meeting of Abraham and Melchisedec—which are reckoned among the finest examples of German wood carving, and illustrating as they do the history of the Christian religion from the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries.

Among the objects of more strictly archaeological interest, Professor Francke obtained a model of the famous "Viking" boat at Kiel, dating probably from the

fourth or fifth century and thus in spite of its name some centuries earlier than the true Viking era. This boat was found in a remarkably good state of preservation in a bog near the present Danish boundary, together with the arms and armor of the warriors who used it and the thirty oars which were used to propel it. These have been reproduced, along with the boat itself, the model being of oak, like the original, and about over twelve feet in length, or some one-sixth actual size. Generally speaking, reproductions of armor, household implements or the domestic architecture of the early Germanic period are few. France looks to be the latest from the regular sources, which can be reached by order from this country, such as the remarkable Roman-Germanic Museum at Mayence, from which exact reproductions of typical originals from the stone

## HOW SPIRIT HANDS, VOICES AND MUSIC ARE SIMULATED.

**The Sitter Led to Think He Is Holding Medium's Hand—The Nimble Foot Made Useful.**

Correspondence of the Indianapolis Journal.

WASHINGTON, Oct. 16.—Some of the newest paraphernalia devised by fraudulent spirit mediums were exhibited to me a day or two ago by a professional man, who for the purpose of making a record of the frauds of the profession, employed very industriously in independent psychic research. None of these bits of apparatus is for sale. In the metropolitan area there is a market where magicians assemble annually to purchase their next season's equipment, with which they expect to make a model theater attached to the establishment.

One of the most common is a device with a genuine hobnobber and elbow-ruff with which the spirit world does not buy its outfit in the open market. He invents his best jugglery tools and has them manufactured confidentially, by a skilled machinist or model maker. In time the secret, especially the secret of the hobnobber, is passed on to a partner in the business, and the first partner, then, again, not a few days later, is always deserting the "world of craft" for the honest business of open legendarism and jugglery.

—If we can so adjective so hidden a calling a trade, it is well to set a thief to catch a thief. It is a little bit of wisdom, and it is less than to set, though no less wise, that "is best to set a prestidigitateur to catch a prestidigitateur."

Sleight-of-foot is now being employed quite as extensively as sleight-of-hand by the progressive fakir operating under the mask of spiritualism.

The false toe, perhaps the very worst of the inventions in question, illustrates the importance which the pedal extremities now play in fraudulent seances or sittings. It is a counterfeit of the tip of the shoe, not of the flesh-and-blood digit of the lower limb. It is a false toe, a false toe covered in the kit of an ingenious seance juggler. They are made of spun brass as thin as paper, but with a wonderfully high degree of tensile strength. They snugly fit over the tips of a pair of patent leather shoes, and being lacquered over, have the precise polish of a glossy shoe. Even the fine stitching of the leather and the fancy border of the tip are represented. When worn over the supposed medium's shoes they attract no attention.

Thorough exposure of sleight-of-hand manifestations has made the progressive bogus medium more wary of manual manipulations than he used to be. In individual seances he may place the "fitter" opposite him at a table. The spun-bast shoes are in place. The room is bare and the doors locked. The light is turned down after the possibility of intervention of a third person has been banished. "Now, to prove to you that these manifestations which you are about to witness are caused by me," says the medium. "I will ask you to grasp both my hands and place your toes upon mine. Thus you, can account for my hands and feet throughout the experiment."

The sitter presses his toes upon those of the "medium." By so doing he enables the latter to withdraw one or both of his feet from the false shoe toes. The sitter continues to press hard upon the spun brass. The medium holds his hands tightly, and therefore is assured that he cannot stoop to peep under the board. The manifestations commence. They are skillfully worked by the juggler's feet.

### THE SPIRIT HAND.

lower leg of the medium's trousers, which are made baggy for the purpose. This hand is waxed and painted. From the wrist extends upward a flesh-colored stocking leg. This hand is fastened to a long elastic band attached to the medium's waist. Having withdrawn his toe from beneath that of the sitter, the medium begins to wiggle it. He attributes these spasms to spirit influence, which he feels coursing through his nerves, but they give him excuse to knock something from the table with his elbow. He must break the chain for a minute to pick up the troublesome thing. While apparently grasping for it with his free hand he pulls the papier-mache hand down his trousers leg and deftly fits it to the wristlet on his wrist. Then he "catches" his hand and, apparently, by dint of a delicate high-kicking feat beneath the board, he causes the "spirit hand" to dart up here and there, at the edge of the table. Sometimes it plucks at your elbows, and if the room be very dark it glows as a result of a coating of phosphorus. This astonishing materialization having been completed, the medium kicks the ankle loose and the whole thing is over. He then "hidder, back up his leg."

Another spirit hand is in reality the medium's foot exposed half way to the ankle by a stocking deprived of the toe. Now, a foot is very like a hand in all primary respects, but not until we compare our upper and lower extremities by placing them side by side do we realize how very unlike a hand a foot is. But by drawing with green paint dark brown lines to simulate extension of the spaces between the toes, these digits can be made to appear long. By making a "fist" of the foot so treated—although not of the treatment—the unthumb-like length of the great toe will not be noticeable in the dim light.

**TRAIN TOES TO PINCH.**  
By training his toes to pinch objects, or perhaps by exercise of an innate ape-like power, the bogus medium who employs this latter form of "spirit hand" is able to strike wonderment to the hearts of his sitters, who feel the departed dead plucking at their sleeves and even at their undergarments. But there is no evidence that this bit of hocus pocus is utilized in connection with a sham shoe toe. A slipper from which it may be readily withdrawn is employed as the incasement of the painted foot.

A pair of false hands for quite another purpose were manufactured by a supposed Baltimore medium, who works them with great success. He took a pair of steel and wire gaards, such as used by bicyclists, and to one end of each he fastened a black rubber fitting snugly into the thumb of a rubber glove; to the other end the finger